

Miscellaneous.

BELLS OF SORROW.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Drearily slinging, wearily ringing,
Lenten bells!
Sobbing and sighing
For Him who is dying,
Tolling our anguish in musical knells;
From tower and spire, as flashes of fire
In ashes expire,
Silent, ye die!

Bitterly weeping, patiently keeping
Vigil alone—
Hearts of the lowly—
Sorrows are holy,
Bright in that Easter of glory unknown;
Lenten woes ending, life-tides are tending
Heavenward, blending
With billows of gold!

THE CATACOMBS.

Beneath the ruined palaces and temples, the crumbling tombs and dismantled villas of the august mistress of the world, we find the most interesting relics of early Christianity on the face of the earth. In traversing these tangled labyrinths, we are brought face to face with the primitive ages; we are present at the worship of the infant church; we observe its rites; we study its institutions; we witness the deep emotions of the first believers as they commit their dead, often their martyred dead, to their last long resting-place; we decipher the touching record of their sorrow, of the holy hopes by which they were sustained, of "their faith triumphant o'er their fears," and of their assurance of the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting. We read in the testimony of the Catacombs the confession of faith of the early Christians, sometimes accompanied by the records of their persecution, the symbols of their martyrdom, and even the very instruments of their torture. For in these halls of silence and gloom slumbers the dust of many of the martyrs and confessors, who sealed their testimony with their blood during the sanguinary ages of persecution; of many of the early bishops and pastors of the Church, who shepherded the flock of Christ amid the dangers of those troublesome times; of many who heard the words of life from teachers who lived in or near the apostolic age, perhaps from the lips of the apostles themselves. Indeed, if we would accept ancient tradition, we would even believe that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were laid to rest in those hallowed crypts—a true *terra sancta*, inferior in sacred interest only to that rock-hewn sepulchre consecrated evermore by the body of our Lord. These reflections will lend to the study of the catacombs an interest of the highest and intensest character.—*Withrow's Catacombs of Rome.*

JUNGLES ON THE JORDAN.

"One of the remarkable things connected with Jordan is its jungles, which are confined to the bank of the river. Thistles, briars, canes, vines, willows, tamarisks, and many other trees and shrubs grow so thick and rank that it is often impossible to penetrate to the water's edge. After having once seen these jungles, one ceases to wonder why the boars and other wild animals which frequent such places have never been exterminated. Here their retreat is secure. One day recently, in a canebrake or jungle where I had succeeded in penetrating a short distance I started a wild boar not ten feet from me, and I may safely say that he startled me, or startled me at least. But as he ran it did not become necessary for me to do so, even if I had been able. He made a tremendous crashing as he dashed through the canes and bushes, but the jungle was so thick that I could not point my rifle at him at all. Besides boars, jackals, hyenas, inchneumons, and other wild animals frequent these jungles; and birds also are found here in great numbers and variety. We have already nearly one hundred specimens in our natural history collections, some of which are rare, while many of them are exceedingly beautiful. We have Smayna kingfishers, franklins, eagles, gulls, cormorants, partridges, quails, kestrels, griffin vultures, ducks, raptors, herons, Pharaoh's chickens, ravens, nightingales, besides a great many vens, of some of which we do not know the names. The heron is a very difficult bird to obtain, and no less very difficult to keep, and no less very difficult to breed. They have a peculiar call of five or six notes, and a hide in the grass and run under it in such a stealthy way that it is only by rare good luck that one gets a shot at

them. The eagle-gull which we have spreads five feet eleven inches. The immense griffin vultures, of which we have a pair, male and female, measure the same; that is 3 feet 6 inches from tip of beak to tip of tail, and spread respectively 8 feet three inches, and 8 feet four inches. While they measure the same in length, the female makes the biggest spread by exactly 1 inch. Among four footed animals in Syria, the leopard is destined soon to become extinct. They are found now only in the wildest and most inaccessible gorges, and even there but seldom. Large amounts have been offered for their skins, and native hunters are constantly on the lookout for them. A few years ago one could obtain a reasonable number of leopard skins without difficulty, while now it is impossible to get even one at any price.—*Boston Advertiser.*

IN THE HEART OF JAPAN.

A letter dated Kioto, Japan, says: We are now in the heart of Japan. This city was for many centuries the mikado's capital, and until ten years ago, when the overthrow of the shozun left the capital of that ruler de facto open, its greater advantages led the mikado and his cabinet to occupy it. This old capital, at one time with a population said to have been 2,000,000, is now reduced to 150,000. I arose early, and was glad to find a clear morning. I walked out at a side door of the inn, and found myself in one of the approaches to a Shinto temple. I was almost under one of the granite touli, or monuments. This one is about sixty feet high, and four stone lanterns at the corners of the square are of great size, and older than any I have yet seen. Just as the sun was rising above the eastern hill, I watched the men and women as they came in front of the open temple door, and threw their offerings in. Then clapping their hands they fold them, bow the head in devotion, and go away to the duties of the day. For a moment the temple was deserted, and a man came out with his face turned full to the rising sun—the temple faced the south—he went through the same devotional exercises that I had just seen, but he remained longer, bowed with his head to the ground, and exhibited more fervor.

We have visited several temples situated on the hillsides, on the east side of the plain on which the city is spread out. The oldest and largest is known as the Chionin, and belongs to the Joudo sect. It is very large, measuring in front over 200 feet. This sect never paint their temples, and this one presents a dreary aspect of weather-stained wood. Its age is given as 270 years only, and it occupies the site of an older one destroyed by fire. Stone steps lead to the bell tower, where hangs the great bell, said to be the largest in Japan. It is sounded only on the 12th and 25th of each month. It is suspended about seven feet above the ground. The metal at its rim is eleven inches in thickness. We saw another bell in size little less near the site of another temple, resting on granite supports, on the ground, near where it fell. The bridge leading to a mountain temple is of great beauty. It has two arches, and each arch double; one inverted under the other, so that the passages form circles. The whole, including the balustrade, is of cut granite. In strong contrast with their religious establishments is the architecture of the town. The streets are narrow and unpaved, the houses small and squalid, and poverty is written everywhere.

We have just returned from a visit to Nara, one of the old capitals of the empire, distant about thirty-six miles. We drove at a brisk trot for an hour before a break occurred in the line of houses, when we crossed a branch of the Uji river, by a bridge about a thousand feet long. We entered a long street of what was once, a thousand years ago, a great city. Away up the slope of the hill it is covered, wherever we went, with walls and pavements as indestructible as the hill itself. Granite stairs lead into the wild forest, which now covers the site of vast temples of wood—broad avenues, whose rocky pavement was worn smooth by the feet of devout pilgrims before Christ was born.

Here was erected, 1,200 years ago, the largest bronze figure the world has ever known. It weighs 450 tons, and the third temple now covers it, without apparent injury to the immense statue. We went around it, but could form no estimate of its size. Our minister at Tokio told me that it was sixty feet from the seat of lotus leaves to the top of its head, and that a man could climb through the nostril. An officer is said to have taken a chip of the casting, and an analysis of it gave 500 pounds of gold in the alloy. A great halo of gilded wood sets off the dark features as they are revealed in the shadows of the roof.

To-day we rode to Lake Bawa, distant about seven miles, and our route lay along the great Tokaido. The road is about twenty feet wide, well macadamized, with the inevitable walled ditch on either side. It is the great thoroughfare from Osaka to Tokio, and from the lake to Kioto it was a continuous stream of travel, many cattle, and a few horses laden with goods of every description. We entered the town at the south end of the lake, and were taken to a flight of stone steps to climb to a temple that overlooked the lake. We ascended them, and found ourselves on the plateau excavated in the side of the mountain, and turned to look upon the largest lake in Japan. It is sixty miles in length, but narrow at the south end. It is surrounded by rich alluvial lands. Our guide next led us to see a bell, which, he told us, had not been rung in twelve hundred years, and pointed to a small wooden building at the head of a flight of wide stone steps. We looked in through the wooden bars, well worn by curious visitors, and saw, well supported on a strong wooden table, a bell about four feet high, with a bad crack, which seemed to have been caused by fire. It had on it a few plain figures as ornaments. Our guide informed us that it was seventeen hundred years old, and that it had hung in an ancient Shinto temple that once stood where it now lies. For five hundred years its tones floated over the placid lake, and called the people along its shores to worship. Then came a catastrophe, and twelve centuries have passed.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE.

At the battle of Talavera (1809), the loss in killed and wounded was one-eighth of those engaged. At Ansterlitz (1805), it was one-seventh. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806), it was one-sixth. At Friedland (1807), and at Waterloo (1815), one-fifth. At Marengo (1800), it amounted to one-fourth. At Salamanca (1812), out of 90,000 combatants 30,000 were killed and wounded. At Borodino (1812), out of 250,000, 80,000 fell on the two sides. At Leipsic (1813), the French sustained a loss of one-third of their total effective force. At Preussich Eylau (1807), 55,000 were killed and wounded out of a combined total of 160,000 combatants, giving a loss of more than one-third; while at Zorndorf (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of 82,000 Russian and Prussian troops engaged, 32,800 were strewn upon the field at the close of the day. Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which flint firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted, that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to 1-1 of those engaged. At Koniggratz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, the side was armed with breech-loaders, the actual loss was further diminished to 1-15. Finally we come to the last war, in which the proportions were—Worth 1-11, Gravelotte 1-12, and Sedan 1-10. These figures may surprise many who not unnaturally imagined that improved weapons entailed increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Selections.

We find glory in the Cross; to us that are saved it is the power of God and the fullness of all virtues.

It is not darkness the Christian goes to at death, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with him. It is not an unknown country, for Jesus is there; and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with Him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—*Charles Kingsley.*

"He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." "He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

The love of Jesus reproduces itself in the lives of His working and suffering children. In some shape they are ever giving themselves for God and for their fellow-men. True love is no disembodied sentiment. Love asserts its presence in a practical, visible way, when once it really lives. It is the very soul of all that earthly labor which, for Christ's sake, will be owned hereafter.—*H. P. Liddon.*

Are we satisfied that Jesus has rent the veil that kept us, as sinners, from entering the holiest? Then let us go in. Are we satisfied that Jesus has provided a mercy-seat, and, by sprinkling it with His own blood, made it a safe and fit meeting-place between us and God? Then let us draw near; "let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." Let us "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

I swing in the golden hammock of prayer,
Fastened above the eternal stars;
Each shining mesh, so firm and fair,
Hung on the promises' glittering bars.
The sweetness of heaven and earth combine
In glorifying this bed of mine
Hearts loving and saintly have twisted each cord
And fastened the ends with the gems of His word;
And the loving Jesus, pure and sweet,
Has gathered the strands that were laid at His feet,
And beat up my hammock of prayer.
So quiet I lie
'Neath my Father's eye,
Bidding my hour to be called on high,
From my Christ-held hammock of prayer.

Science and Art.

THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN.—Recent excavations in the Baths of Diocletian have brought to light a Christian chapel (*oratorium*). The apse is ornamented with a mural painting of Christ and the twelve apostles, below which, in panels, are smaller representations of Biblical subjects. According to the decision of Rossi, they were executed between the years 360 and 420.—*Exchange.*

A NEW AND POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE.—M. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has recently discovered a new explosive substance still more powerful than that. He has given it the name of "explosive gelatine," on account of its aspect, which closely resembles gelatine. The substance is composed of 94 to 95 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and 6 or 5 per cent. of collodion, mixed together. It is viscous, but can be easily cut with a knife or with scissors, and placed in cartridges or shells. Dynamite, it is known, has the disadvantage of being alterable by water—when it is moist, the nitro-glycerine separates from the absorbent. The new substance, on the contrary, does not give the least symptom of exudation; it is impermeable to water, which does not at all affect its explosive properties. It is inflamed in the same way as dynamite, and its power is at least 50 per cent. greater. Italy and Russia have, it is said, adopted this substance for charging bombs, torpedoes, etc.

UTILIZATION OF BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.—Within a few years great progress has been made in the utilization of blast-furnace slag, and that material is now applied in many ways with great advantage. Thus, slag "sand" is employed for making concrete, building-bricks, mortar, and cement; slag "shingle" for concrete, also for roadways; slag "wool" for covering steam-boilers and pipes, ice-houses, etc., also for filtering-purposes; blocks of slag-concrete are used for paving, for curbstones and the like; finally, by Britten's process, slag is used in the manufacture of glass for roofing, and for other purposes not requiring pure glass. In making building-bricks of slag, the slag-sand is mixed with siliceous lime, with the addition of iron oxide and pressed in moulds. The cement is made from the slag-sand, common lime, and iron oxides. It is little inferior to Portland cement in strength, while it does not cost one-fourth as much. The concrete made from this cement, mixed with the "shingle," is an excellent conglomerate for use in monolithic structures. It is stated by Mr. Charles Wood, in a paper read before the British Iron and Steel Institute, that "it took two good men, with steel bars and sledge-hammers, as much as four days to cut through a wall of this concrete about twenty-six inches thick." Mr. Wood exhibited to the Institute bottles of slag glass, also specimens of slag-wool. The latter product, according to Mr. Wood, is obtained as follows: A jet of steam is made to strike a stream of molten slag as it falls into the slag-bogies or wagons. This jet scatters the molten slag into shot, and as each shot leaves the stream, it carries a fine thread or tail; the shot drops to the ground, but the fine woolly fibre is sucked into a large tube, and discharged into a chamber. This chamber is very large, and is covered with fine wire netting. The steam and air carry the woolly particles all over the chamber—the finest into recesses formed for the purpose. The woolly into the body of the chamber. The wool is of a snowy-white appearance.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Personal.

Mr. Tennyson is working upon a historical drama, which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon the great and memorable characters and events in English history, which he contemplated, *Queen Mary* and *Harold* having already appeared.

Mr. Fletcher Harper, at the suggestion of his wife, has bought the Sea Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, N. J., which will be used hereafter as a home for sick and infirm persons attached to the publishing house of the Harper Brothers. Mrs. Harper will have entire superintendence of the establishment.

Books and Periodicals.

PLAIN PROGRESSIVE TALKS UPON THE WAY OF SALVATION. By Rev. David B. Reed. Pp. 66. Price 35c. Postage 3c. A neat little book written in earnest style. American Tract Society, 1512 Chestnut St.

MARGIE HARGRAYE AND THE PERCY CHILDREN. By Mrs. M. E. C. Wyeth. Pp. 200. Price 90c. Postage 6c.

Two distinct books are bound in this one volume. They are written by a favorite author, and will commend themselves. They are published in beautiful style by the American Tract Society, 1512 Chestnut Street.

THE LITTLE MINER, or HONESTY REWARDED. From the German of Gustave Nieritz. By Ellen M. Gifford. Philadelphia: James A. Moore, 1220-1224 Sanson Street. 1878. Pp. 269. Price 80c.

This is the third volume of the "Ivy Series," to which we have called attention before. It is a simple story, the scene of which is laid in the mining mountains of Saxony, and points a moral. The volume also contains a tale called the "Inundation," translated from the German of Wilhelm Herchenbach. The publishers have issued the book in attractive form.

ANNALS OF BUFFALO VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA, 1755-1855. Collated by John Blair Lind. Harrisburg, Pa.: Lane S. Hart, Printer & Binder. 1877. Pp. 621.

John B. Linn, Esq., has found time, in the midst of his other labors, to prepare and publish this large and imposing volume. It embodies a great variety of incidents connected with the history of the early

settlement of that part of Central Pennsylvania, to which it relates, and also comprises a vast amount of statistics belonging to its progressive history, which it is well thus to preserve, as they must prove interesting and valuable to future generations. To collect and collate the vast store of material, which is thus brought together from a great variety of sources, must have cost the author an immense amount of labor and the most diligent research. It would be well, were similar annals to be prepared and preserved in regard to other sections of our great State, as in this way only can be preserved and perpetuated the valuable material from which authentic history is to be made. The work will, no doubt, find general circulation in Central Pennsylvania, where it will be perused with special interest, and also obtain entrance, to a greater or less extent, into other portions of the State. F.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1764.—April 6, 1878. Contents: Florence and the Medici, *Fortnightly Review*; "Only Jean," *Blackwood's Magazine*; Spencer's Irish Rivers, *Fraser's Magazine*; Erica, *Frau von Ingerleben*; "Il Re Galantuomo," *Macmillan's Magazine*; The Three Cities, *Cornhill Magazine*; How Great Men Work, *Cassell's Magazine*; The Hatred of Individuals for Nations, *Spectator*; Poetry: My Wife, In Fall Mail; Long Ago; I Love Thee. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE can hardly be called "new" any longer except in the sense that it is always fresh. It has attained to a good age, fifty-five volumes having been already published and during all the years of its life its character has been so well sustained that it no longer needs any commendation. We doubt whether any other work of the kind contains such an amount of varied and interesting matter as the volumes which have been issued in the past. However far back the date may be any Number will charm a person of taste who has not seen it before. Such a periodical is a public benefaction, and its encouragement will help to drive trashy demagogizing literature from book-shelves. The March Number which has just reached us contains the past reputation of the work, and any one who examines, or reads its finely illustrated pages will be charmed with the work. Terms, \$4.00 per year to all subscribers in the United States, including prepayment of postage by the publisher. Back Numbers can be supplied at any time. The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number. A complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, now comprising 55 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight suitable for purchaser, for \$2.25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, \$3.00. Cloth, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid. A Complete Analytical Index to the first Fifty Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE has been published, rendering available for reference the vast and varied wealth of information which constitutes this periodical a perfect illustrated literary cyclopaedia. 8vo, Cloth, \$3.00; Half Calif, \$5.25. Sent postage prepaid.

HARPER'S BAZAR, a repository of Fashion, Pleasure, Instruction, beautifully illustrated, is issued every week. The New York Evening Post speaking of it says that it "commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion-plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to the paragon of its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading-matter of the Bazar is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fire-side enjoyment it affords, and has become an established authority with the ladies of America." Back Numbers can be supplied at any time. The Volumes of the Bazar commence with the year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order. The Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR, in neat cloth binding will be sent by express, free of expense, provided the freight does not exceed one dollar, for \$7.00 each. A complete Set, comprising Ten Volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of \$5.25 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser. Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00 each. Indexes to each volume sent gratis on receipt of stamp. Terms: Postage free to all subscribers in the United States. HARPER'S BAZAR, one year, \$4.00. \$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers. Subscriptions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, mentioned in our last issue, and BAZAR to one address, for one year, \$10.00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, \$7.00; postage free. An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4.00 each, paid for by one remittance; or, Six Copies one year, without extra copy, for \$20.00.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, an Illustrated Magazine for the people. Conducted by J. G. Holland. The April number of this work is bright and attractive. The contents are: Deer-Hunting on the An Sabile, Illus.; Roxy, VI. Illus.; An April Song; King David; His Inheritance, IX.; How Lead Pencils are Made, Illus.; Two Saints of the Foot-hills; St. Violet; The Mosaic Creation and Modern Science; The Lover's Choice; Among the Thousand Islands, Ills.; The Suicide; Macramé Lace, Illus.; The Telephone and the Phonograph, Illus.; Of Flowers; Twenty-six Hours a Day, II.; A Queen at School; Topics of the Time; Communications; The Old Cabinet; Home and Society; The World's Work; Culture and Progress; Brice-a-Brac. Scribner & Co., New York.

ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1878, fully sustains its past reputation. Contents: Frontispiece, "Kitty and the Turkish Merchant;" How Kitty was Lost in a Turkish Bazar; "I'm a Little Story." Poem. Illus.; Easter in Germany. Illus.; Dick Hardin away at School; A Full Stop. Silhouette Picture; Under the Lilacs. Chapter XI. Illus.; The Swallow. Poem. Illus.; The Wild Mustang. Illus.; April's Sunbeam. Verses; Easter Lilies. Picture; Old Nicolai. Illus.; The Professor; Jingle. "One day an Ant went to visit her Neighbors." Poem; Adventures from Garret to Cellar. Picture; Four Charades. (In verse); Wise Catherine and the Kaboutermannen. Illus.; Jingle. "Open the snowy little Bed;" How the Stone-age Children Played. Illus.; The Man who Didn't Know When to Stop. Verse. Illus.; Puck Parker. Illus.; Easter Eggs. Poem; A Visit to a London Dog-show. Illus.; Kept In. Picture; Merry Rain. Poem; Drifted into Port. Chapters V., VI., VII. and VIII. Illus.; Seeing Himself as others see Him. Picture; The Three Wise Women. Verses. Four Illus.; Always Behindhand. Talk with Girls; The Three Horse-shoes; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; For Very Little Folks. Tabby's Ride. Illus. Lullaby. Poem; The Letter-Box; The Riddle-Box. Scribner & Co., New York.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON: A Magazine for the Household. April, 1878. This is a new candidate for popular favor and makes a good impression. Contents: The Crew of the Sam Weller, IV.; St. Matthew's and St. Mark's; Easter Lilies; Science and the Exodus, II.; John Bannock; Charles Kingsley; The Fir Tree; Ethics of "Advanced Science;" Tom's Heathen, N. XI.; Some European Churches, III., IV.; Jur To Morrow; The Truth about Barbara Fritchie; Charley's Ice-Floe; The Episcopal Outlook; Life against Life; Money and Morals; Editor's Table.—The American Evangelist; March Chumk and Marching; Temperance Legislation; Charitable Cant; Literature.

The April number of the PENN MONTHLY comes to us in its usual attractive dress, which the publishers are sure to give any thing that issues from their office, and is full of interest. A noticeable article in it is the reply of Prof. Danbar to Prof. Stille on "Harvard Examinations for Women," which does not however in our judgment meet the objections to the system as originally announced. The contents are: The Month; Ceramic Art and Art Culture; Some Causes of Pauperism and their Cure; The Harvard Examinations for Women; The Language of Insects; Art Weaving among the Ancients; Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy;" New Books; Books Received; Published for the Penn Monthly Association, by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 and 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia. Terms: \$3.00 per annum, single numbers, 30 cents.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D.D.,
Rev. J. M. TITZEL,
Rev. E. E. HIGGEE, D.D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1878.

PARTAKERS OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

Our holy Christianity is no mere abstraction, but a life that lays hold of our being in a most real way. That life came to us in the Person of the incarnate God, whose whole mediatorial work had reference to our fallen, troubled state. His sufferings involved a fellowship. He was the Captain of our salvation, and in bringing many sons to glory, it was necessary that He should be made perfect through sufferings. The knowledge He had of our griefs, for instance, was not simply that of an omniscient God, seated upon the heavenly throne, but that which actual experience gave Him, in that He took upon Him our nature and was touched with a feeling of our infirmities.

The word which we use to express the *passion* of Christ is in the original Scriptures a different one from that of our common word affliction. In the first of these, no man can have part. As far as this carried with it an expiation, it was His to "tread the wine-press alone," and of the people there were none to help. Yet we may be made partakers of His sufferings, and are to fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in the flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church. The people of God are not absolved from sufferings, and should not think it strange, when fiery trials come upon them; for their very relation to Christ involves antagonism with the evil powers that seek to oppress and destroy, but they are "made partakers of Christ's sufferings," and in this mystery there is a wonderful consolation. He who died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, does not regard our sufferings as separated from Himself, and this should help us to bear them; for the fact that His sympathy is not an impotent anxiety like that of mere man, but is accompanied by an enabling power, constitutes our whole ground of hope. He affords us gracious aid.

It must then be a comfort as we contemplate what Christ has done for us men and our salvation in His precious atonement, to think at the same time of the nearness He sustains to us in all our trials, and that we can carry our load to Him and lay it at His precious feet. The disposition to abstract our trials and sufferings from our relation to Him is what makes them seem so grievous.

TEACH CHILDREN TO OBSERVE IT.

The atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ should never be lost sight of, since, without the shedding of blood, there can be no remission of sins and consequently no salvation. But there are times when this should be especially brought to view, and nothing will help to impress it upon the minds of the young more than the observance of the day, upon which this event has been commemorated by the Church through centuries. The birth and resurrection of our Saviour have been emphasized by the observance of Christmas and Easter, and so His precious death will come to have the force of an historical event rather than that of mere theory, if its anniversary is marked by proper solemnities. Our German forefathers always regarded it as a day, upon which there should be not only a cessation from worldly toil, but such service in the public sanctuary as would lead to a higher appreciation of the mystery of redemption. Those now among us, who were reared under the influence of such customs will tell us that the best thoughts and habits of their lives have been associated with them. The very fact that

the din of earth has been hushed—that the week-day life has been suspended to listen to a recital of what took place on Calvary, has helped to give a sense of reality to the sufferings and death of Christ, which has not been lost upon their lives. Each return of the day, carries them back in mind and heart to the instructions received at the mother's knee, and to the confessions made before God at the altar. The power is greater than that of sweet music sounding from some dim old cathedral, calling men away from sin. The sacrifice of the true Paschal Lamb speaks as when they first heard of it, and the effect has been good.

Let the children be taught then to know the meaning of Holy Week, and especially of Good Friday. Some one has tried to imagine the effect the crucifixion had upon the mind of a child whom Christ blessed, if one of these little ones saw it. How strange it must have been to see the hands from which such power went forth, nailed to the cross, and what questions must have arisen as to its necessity. Yet that same necessity was involved in the redemption of every child in all ages of the world, and this should be impressed upon the minds of the young. This is especially important because in this day there is a tendency to make them believe, that they are safe from eternal death, because they are children, rather than because Christ died for their sins and rose again for their justification.

A FORM FOR RECEIVING CATECHUMENS.

The *Reformirte Kirchenzeitung*, of the 4th instant, presents the following as the form adopted by the Presbyterium of the Reformed congregation at Elberfeld, Germany, for the admission of catechumens to the privileges of church membership:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen:

Since you, beloved sons and daughters, have, as little children, received holy baptism, and since then, been instructed in the word of God, according to the Confession of the Reformed Church, I ask you, in the presence of the congregation and the Presbyterium:

First: Do you acknowledge and profess, that man, by nature, is dead in sin and transgression; that he, with all his inventions and deeds, has merited God's wrath, judgment and condemnation, and that, being wholly unable to help himself, he can be delivered only by grace through faith, as is also taught in the Holy Scriptures of the prophets and apostles? (Answer: Yes.)

Second: Do you acknowledge and confess, that our only comfort and well-grounded hope is to be found in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, whom the Father, out of mere mercy, sent into this world to deliver it; that this, our blessed Saviour, has come in the flesh and offered Himself as a propitiatory sacrifice for us; that He, raised again from the dead, has seated Himself at the right hand of God's majesty as our great High Priest, through whom we have the full pardon of our sins, everlasting righteousness, peace and salvation, through faith in His name, as this is also taught in the Holy Scriptures of the Apostles? (Answer: Yes.)

Third: Is it your sincere desire to continue in this good Confession of the Reformed Church, and to adorn the same with a becoming walk and conversation, whilst, with the renunciation of all worldly lusts, you will, with all the saints, fight the good fight of faith, as the same is also taught in the Holy Scriptures of the apostles and prophets? (Answer: Yes.)

Upon the ground of this your confession, the Presbyterium releases you from catechetical instruction, and gives you the right to approach the table of the Lord.

We now commend you to the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant! May He make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever! Amen.

The *Kirchenzeitung* speaks of this as a form of Confirmation, and in the absence of any Liturgy in the Church of general binding authority, commends it to use as a sound Reformed form of Confirmation.

No objection certainly can be filed against the doctrinal teachings of this document, as far as they go.

It, however, lacks the essential elements of a form of confirmation, as this has authoritatively prevailed from the earliest periods of the Reformed Church. There is no provision made in it for the laying on of the hands of the minister, without which it can be no confirmation, nor even for the extending of the right hand of fellowship. For these things ample provision has been made in the Palatinate Liturgy, and also in the Mayer Liturgy, which has full authority in the Church in this country, and also in the eastern and western Liturgies, whose use has been allowed by the highest authority in the Church. No one has a right, at his own option, to substitute anything for these, however excellent he may esteem it to be in itself. See articles 123 and 128 of the Constitution. F.

WHY IS IT SO?

It must be admitted by every one, who candidly considers the subject, that there is nothing to which we are more deeply indebted than to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Had it not been for this gospel which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" were it not for this gospel now, we would, in all probability, be wandering, at this advanced age of the world, in heathenish darkness and barbarism, instead of walking in the glorious light of Christian civilization. We need but compare the intellectual, moral, and spiritual condition of our own land, with that of those countries where the Sun of Righteousness has not yet scattered the midnight gloom of moral darkness, in order to perceive how greatly we have been blessed by the religion of the despised Nazarene. To it we owe our hope of heaven, and all our true enlightenment.

In view of the benefits which Christianity has thus conferred upon us, it might reasonably be supposed, that there would be great readiness to extend its influence and support its ministers by contributing whatever might be required for this purpose. But such in reality is not the case. In our own country far more money is expended continually for things which debase and are ruinous to both body and soul, than is given to promote the cause of Christ. Even among members of the Church generally, there is more readiness to spend money for the gratification of the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life, than there is to give to the cause of missions and for the maintenance of the ministry. We have known more money, for instance, to be expended for tobacco in a community, in a single year, than was given during the same time for church purposes, and that too in a community more than ordinarily religious.

When these things are seriously considered the question naturally arises, Why is this so? That it cannot be because Christians are not required to give by their religion, or because they may safely refuse to do so, is evident from the fact that not to give is spoken of in the Scriptures as robbing God, and as exposing men to His wrath. Seemingly the only answer that can properly be given to the question under consideration is, that members of the Church generally, notwithstanding their profession of godliness, care more for the things of this world than they do for the things of the world to come. If this really be the case with any of our readers, we would remind them, that there is danger ahead! T.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MRS. PLÜSS.

We are gratified to find, that considerable sympathy has been awakened in behalf of the widow of the late Rev. C. Plüss, an account of whose life and death appeared in last week's issue. A brother, who sends us a remittance from himself, his wife and a friend for her relief, suggests the propriety of announcing our willingness to receive any remittances sent us for this praiseworthy object. We most cheerfully comply with his request. Any persons, therefore, who find it more convenient to remit to us than elsewhere, can do so, with the assurance that their contributions shall faithfully be appropriated as directed. S. R. F.

THE MERCERSBURG REVIEW.

The April number of this quarterly was distributed last week. Our space will allow us to do but little more than indicate its contents. It opens with an article on "Christian Apologetics," by the Editor. This is followed by "Life Beyond the Grave," by Rev. C. S. Gerhard; "The Supreme Epiphany; God's Voice out of the Cloud," by Rev. J. W. Nevin, D. D.; "Gospel or Fiction?" by Rev. D. Y. Heisler; "Foreign Missions," by Rev. T. S. Johnston, D. D.; "The Means of Life," by Rev. W. E. Krebs; "The Practical Character of Christianity," by Rev. J. W. Santee, D. D., and notices of "Recent Publications." As will be seen from the titles of the articles, the subjects discussed belong, to a great extent, to the practical sphere. The discussions, however, are marked by that freshness and thoroughness, which have so long distinguished the contents of the *Review*.

Issued by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, at \$3 per year in advance. F.

Notes and Quotes.

The latest "new organization" seems to be a cross between a Christian Sect and a secret society—the latter feature intended no doubt to offset the protests made against fraternities on the part of some branches of the Church. The new sect calls itself the "Independent Brotherhood of Believers," and has for its ostensible object "to promote the reign of the Holy Spirit in human minds, and thus extend the reign of the Gospel."

The Methodists, who have hitherto been regarded by some as allowing a little too much latitude in matters of doctrine, or at least as making it of secondary importance, seem to be putting more stress upon it, judging from one of their papers, which says: "We do not wish to be understood to mean, that all orthodox believers are spiritual, or that all errorists are destitute of spiritual life. But we do aver, that adherence to orthodoxy is favorable to the development of the better forms of religious experience. This, in our judgment, is a fact of great significance, and one that should lead us to carefully guard against all doctrinal innovations."

According to Froude's new work, Thomas a'Becket, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, for whom the title "Primate of all England" was created, was not only very powerful, but exceedingly fond of display. King Henry the second once sent him as Ambassador to France, and this is the way the prelate did things: "When he entered a French town, his procession was headed by two hundred and fifty singing boys; then came his hounds in couples; then eight wagons, each drawn by five horses driven by five drivers; two of the wagons filled with strong ale to be given away to the people; four with his gold and silver plate and stately clothes; two with the dresses of his numerous servants. Then came twelve horses, each with a monkey on his back; then a train of people bearing shields and leading fine war horses splendidly equipped; then falconers with hawks upon their wrists; then a host of knights, and gentlemen, and priests; then the chancellor with his brilliant garments flashing in the sun, and all the people capering and shouting with delight."

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia Central, held last week, a resolution was placed on the docket, memorializing the next General Assembly "to send down to the Presbyteries for action thereon during the next year, an overture in the following or any other phraseology that will secure the end in

view, viz.: Shall the clause in the creed (so-called Apostles') as published on page 404 of the standards of the Church and wherever else it may by authority of the General Assembly be published, 'He descended into hell,' be omitted therefrom? And shall the phrase in the answer to the fiftieth question of the Larger Catechism, 'which hath been otherwise expressed in these words, He descended into hell,' be also omitted?"

This is a significant movement, involving not only the integrity of the standards of the Presbyterian Church, but of the oldest and most universally received symbol of the Church Catholic. In some Presbyteries, a motion to omit the article may pass by as it were by default, no one caring to question the propriety of such action, but there has been too much discussion on the subject among Presbyterians of late years to allow any general unanimity in the matter. There is, however, no telling what is safe, or what old bulwarks may be abandoned by a common resolution.

We publish in another column, a letter addressed to the "Messenger," from New Haven, in regard to "revivals" in the goodly city of Elms, not only as conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but also by priests of the Romish communion. It is, in the main, a simple statement of the facts in the case, and the subject is of interest as raising certain questions which are constantly recurring, and which cannot be suppressed because they are fundamental in their nature. What deficiency has there been in the regular preaching of the Gospel at New Haven, or any where else, that makes such extraordinary measures necessary or advisable? Is there, in the implied concessions upon this point, an acknowledgment that people cannot be reached by the regular ministry of the Gospel, and that some one, with a vocation which supervenes the law of God's kingdom, must come in to do the work? If so, the sooner the truth is known, the better it will be.

The men who have engaged in the movements such as those to which reference is made, have not always been the weaklings of the age. They have, in many cases, been leaders of theological thought, and although many of them have had misgivings, they have yet sanctioned some things because they did not wish to stand in the way of any possible good. Yet as a general thing, those living in communities where religious waves have spent their force, have borne testimony that the regular stated ministry is the main reliance for the spread of the Gospel and the conversion of men. It is wonderful how statements of this kind follow in the track of revivals.

Among the Exchanges.

The editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, under the head of "Differences Among Lutherans," thus sets forth the tendencies which have been at work in that Church from the beginning:

Everything with which man has to do, however sacred or good, will show the traces of human weaknesses. Even the apostles themselves were not always just right in all things. The same has been abundantly the case with Christians of all times, and also those who bear the Lutheran name, and equally profess to receive the same definite confessions.

There have been, and there still are, particular schools and tendencies among the Lutherans, some of which have proven about as sectarian as any of the sects; some in the way of alleged devotion to the faith, and some in the way of laxity with regard to it; the effect in both directions being about equally adverse to the cause which it would subvert. Like the Church universal, in the earlier times, our Churches have had their more favorable, and their less favorable ages, sections and department.

And what has been in the past, is still largely represented in the present. There are those who, unfortunately, lose sight of the fact, that Lutheranism commenced with a *Melanchthon*, as well as a Luther; while others are equally oblivious to the fact, that it embraces a *Luther*, as well as a *Melanchthon*. Within it, and of it, there has been a *Helmstedt* and a *Halle*, as well as a *Wittenberg* and a *Leipsic*, but at the same time a *Wittenberg* and a *Leipsic*, as well as a *Helmstedt* and a *Halle*. What we take to be the true soul and spirit of our Church, historically and really estimated, is not what appears in either of these tendencies, past or present, as over against the other, or without the other; but the one interpenetrated, permeated and modified by the other, each in each, in one living golden mean of all; the best illustration of which is, perhaps, to be found in the illustrious intermediate school of Jena.

Professed Lutherans misrepresent their Confession, largely negative it, and compromise their cause, by sympathizing too freely with

Calixtus, Horneius, Dreir, and La'ermann; but they do no better for themselves, or for the Church of Christ, when they propose to swear everybody by the *Consensus Repetit*, or give place to the spirit which felt itself constrained to bring two hundred and sixty-three charges of heretical error against the pure and heavenly-minded Spener.

The founders of our Church in this country were of the intermediate school or tendency. They were orthodox, pious, well-tempered men, full of learning, and full of faith and charity. In Muhlenberg all the better traits of Halle and Jena were combined. He was a man of Providence for the planting of such a phase of Lutheranism as was best fitted for the new world, institutions and surroundings here coming into being. In all his work and conduct, he had a remarkable instinct of the history and futurity for which he, above all, made the beginning. His spirit we take to be the true spirit of our Church, and that which we in this country need above all to foster and imitate. Any attempt to refashion and re-pristinate, upon any other model or basis, we take as unhistoric, unnecessary and unwise. The Church in America can only be rightly developed and potentially established in the axis of its own historic growths Muhlenberg and his co-laborers planted it. This is our true life and ecclesiastical personality, which careful culture may improve, but which all grafting can only dwarf or kill, no matter from what extreme the attempt may come.

The same paper says:

The *United Presbyterian*, which does not much like to hear about Lent, remarks that many people are devoting themselves to an exhibition of Christian self-denial and consecration, which they have not presented at any other period. For our part, we are thankful to learn that such is the fact, and would deepen the work of consecration ten-fold, if it were in our power. But the editor wonders why these people do not live so all the time. We wonder too; but then we cannot expect to so live all the time without making an earnest and devout beginning; and we do not see why people should not avail themselves of the specially marked penitential season of Lent to make that beginning. The editor wonders, moreover, why all Christians do not deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously and godly, without respect to particular seasons and calendrical appointments. We wonder, too; but somehow or other it seems to stick in the nature of things that, housekeepers must observe times and seasons to right up matters afresh, in order to get on in health and comfort, and that men of business must have their special times for overhauling their affairs, taking their latitude and longitude, and an account of their lading, that they may steer safely on the treacherous sea of life; and the same necessity seems to inhere in the affairs of the soul. Even our Presbyterian friends, who think so lightly of these calendared seasons of the Church, hallowed by so many centuries, still find it wise to take up their almanacs and mark off specific weeks of prayer for this and that, and to fore-announce by date and decree the days and times for humiliation, fasting and special devotion. Again and again we notice them thus settling beforehand when they intend to have special seasons of service, and visitors to help them, and when they expect of the people to demit somewhat their ordinary style of living, in order to give attention to these "calendrical appointments." We wonder, how is this, and why encourage such foolish breakages in the even flow of things, if there be no sense in the Church's custom of observing set seasons, particularly when her set seasons are all framed to corresponding facts and doctrines in the great and only system of human salvation!

For The Messenger.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS AT NEW HAVEN.

It is a noteworthy fact, that, in our age, which is characterized with so much skepticism, there should be so many religious awakenings. All around us we see the banner of the gospel is unfurled. It seems as though the "hard times" were a blessing to our land. Men are taught the vanity of all earthly glory, and are thus led to seek after imperishable riches. And among these religious awakenings of our country, the one at New Haven is especially expected to result in much good. Here, in this old city of Elms, education has reached almost every home; yet, it must be sadly confessed, that there are many souls here, among the most cultured, as well as among the most illiterate, who have not been brought under the saving influences of the gospel. This, it may be said, goes to prove that the wise are not always the wisest; and that no degree of intellectual culture can sustain itself, for any length of time, unless it is permeated by the spirit of religion. But to turn more particularly to the subject of this article, we must begin with the work which is here in progress, through the instrumentality of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Some time last spring, it was decided to invite these evangelists to come here. The invitation was extended to them, and they agreed to come this spring. But before they could commence their labors, there had to be some place where the meetings might be held. Thus the question arose, Where shall the meetings be held? There was here no hall large enough to accommodate all, who would wish to attend the meetings; and so, after some agitation of the question, it was finally decided, about two months ago, to erect a building suitable for the occasion. The building was erected in about six weeks, and now stands as some kind of an ornament to the city. It is estimated to seat between five and six thousand persons.

On Thursday, March 21st, the building was opened to the public at a grand rehearsal of the Moody and Sankey choir. The building committee availed themselves of this occasion to announce to the public the cost of the Tabernacle, and reported the total cost to be \$8,350. At this time, \$4,000 had already been raised, and after an appeal to the good citizens of New Haven, the remainder was promptly responded to with subscriptions of \$200, \$100, &c., &c., while some persons are said to have contributed \$500 apiece. Thus the building was paid for, and was now ready for the reception of the evangelists on Sunday, the 24th, the day appointed for the commencement of their labor. On Saturday afternoon, a Boston train brought them to the new depot; and as they came out of the depot, the hackmen, standing in their usual line, struck out on "I am so glad salvation's free." Whereupon Mr. Moody turned round and said, "Boys, do you mean it?" "Yes, sir," responded one, to which he replied, "God

bless you all." This was his first greeting, and the hackmen seemed to be happy, that they had the first privilege thus to extend it. But we must now turn to the opening of the Tabernacle services.

Sunday afternoon came, and the streets were crowded with people, flocking from all directions towards the Tabernacle. This hurrying crowd reminded one of Mortimer's description of the great church feast at Rome, in Schiller's "Maria Stuart":

"Von Pilgerschaaren wimmelten die Wege," "es war,

Als ob die Menschheit auf der Wond'rung wäre, Wallfahrend nach dem Himmelreich."

Such crowds fill up space, and so, before 3 o'clock, the doors of the building had to be closed, as it was full, while thousands were still coming and going away. Under such a pressure, the services were begun. While thus standing outside of the closed doors, one could not help but think whether, at the Final Day, he would be among those who are taken in, or among those who are shut out. The decision, of course, would depend upon the frame of mind the person was in; yet one comforting thought would suggest itself—although many are excluded from the Tabernacle on account of its limited size, yet the Kingdom of Heaven is large enough for all who strive to enter into it.

At 3 o'clock, the services commenced with singing by the choir, and prayer by President Porter. Among the most prominent persons on the platform might be seen Revs. Drs. Harris, Fisher and Day, from the Divinity School of Yale College, and pastors Revs. Drs. Noble, Barbour, Denner, &c. Mr. Sankey sang a few touching hymns, after which Mr. Moody preached in his usual straightforward way. He seems to be aware, that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points." In the evening, there were also services, which brought a vast number of persons out to the Tabernacle, and many were again obliged to go home without being able to get inside of the building. There have likewise been services every evening this week with the usual attendance, while the interest taken in them seems to be increasing. Many of those who were prejudiced against Mr. Moody, on account of a misapprehension of his work, have expressed themselves in his favor. Little can as yet be said of the actual work accomplished thus far, but if the realization will be in proportion to the hopes of the good Christians in New Haven, then it is safe to say, that the Lord is doing a mighty work through His servants in this old Puritan city. And who, that has a zeal for the promotion of religion, can but wish, that the floodgates of heaven might be opened, especially upon the students of the University? May it not be expected, that many a mother's prayer, in behalf of her rather reckless son, might be answered, and thus culture be subordinated to religion? It is, however, to be remarked, that many of the students are taking an active part, though principally those from the theological department.

Before closing, it may be well to say, that this awakening is not only felt among Protestants, but also among the Roman Catholics. Two weeks before the services at the Tabernacle began, the Catholics began holding special services in two of their churches. Fathers Koop and Donohoe, from Germantown, Pa., and Fathers Shaw, from Chicago, and Hennessey, from St. Louis, were among the most prominent workers. It is reported, that during the two weeks they had 6,000 communicants, and at one church note was taken of about twelve members from other churches, who were converted to the Roman Catholic faith, while hundreds, who were but nominal Catholics before, became active workers. If the Protestants succeed as well at the Tabernacle services as the Catholics did in their services, they will at least accomplish some good work. But we live in hopes, that the spirit of the gospel, which seems to be moving, will lead many from "darkness into His marvelous light." P. S. K.

New Haven, Ct., March 30, 1878.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the church at Kutztown, Pa., of which the Rev. J. S. Herman is pastor, on the 31st of March. In connection with the occasion, a class of twenty-eight catechumens was confirmed.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The post-office address of the Rev. C. H. Reiter has been changed from Sunbury, Pa., to James Creek, Huntingdon county, Pa.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The Rev. C. R. Dieffenbacher, who has accepted a call from the old Greensburg charge, preached his farewell discourse to his congregation at Greenville, on the 31st of March. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was, at the same time, administered to an unusually large number of communicants. Twenty persons were added to the church, eleven by confirmation and nine by certificate and renewal of profession. The occasion was one of deep interest and solemnity. The pastor leaves the congregation in a most excellent condition. His post-office address in future will be Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pa.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Three persons were added to the church at Wooster, Ohio, in connection with a communion season observed on the 14th of March. In connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper in St. Michael's church of the Liberty Centre, Ohio, charge, on the 14th of March, eleven persons were added to the church. F.

BOARD OF VISITORS.

The Board of Visitors of the Seminary at Lancaster, will convene in the college building May the 7th, 1878, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and will continue in session until after the close of the commencement exercises on the Thursday evening following.

A. H. KREMER, President of the Board, Carlisle, April 5th, 1878.

The following persons constitute the Board of Visitors: Samuel E. Fisher, Amos H. Kremer, Charles H. Leinbach, Samuel G. Wagner, Charles F. McCauley, Theodore Appel, Jacob O. Miller, Edward R. Eschbach, John M. Titzel, W. R. Humphrey, Deatrick, Joseph H. Apple and Thomas C. Porter.

MEETING OF GENERAL SYNOD.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will convene in triennial sessions, in the First Reformed Church, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, May 15th, A. D. 1878, at 8 o'clock in the evening, when the opening sermon will be preached. The presence of all the delegates, who are required to appear with proper official credentials, is hereby respectfully requested.

ISAAC H. REITER, Stated Clerk.

Miamisburg, O., April 8, 1878.

P. S. The attention of the Stated Clerks of the several Classes is hereby directed to the action of the General Synod at Fort Wayne, in 1875, Minutes, page 51, in regard to the admission of delegates to seats, namely:

"Resolved, That hereafter, before delegates to the General Synod can be admitted to seats, they must produce credentials from the proper authorities, according to Article 28 of the Constitution, which this Synod interprets to mean the Stated Clerk of Classis, with a certified list of members belonging to said Classis at the time of the meeting of the General Synod, and also the time and place of holding the election."

I. H. R.

MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

The Thirty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Mercersburg Classis, by appointment of last annual sessions, will be held in the Reformed Church of Bedford, Pa., commencing on Thursday evening, April 25th, 1878, at 7 o'clock. A punctual attendance is requested.

WM. M. DEATRICK, Stated Clerk.

Mercersburg, Pa., April 9th, 1878.

Religious Miscellany.

There are thirteen distinct denominations of Methodists in the United States, aggregating a membership of 3,315,000.

There are thirty-seven chapels in the South for colored worshippers of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, fifty-seven clergymen and teachers, five of whom are colored, and one colored evangelist.

The Waldensians, in their mission work in Italy, have 39 churches, 19 stations, and 47 places visited by their 31 pastors, 14 evangelists, 51 teachers, 14 colporteurs. They have 3,735 regular attendants at public worship, 14,965 occasional hearers, and 2,414 members, 226 of whom were admitted the past year. They have also 1,888 pupils in their day-schools and 1,637 in their Sunday-schools.

Pope Leo XIII., in addition to finding no use for his palatine guard of 200 men, proposes abolishing the pontifical navy, which comprises sixty officers and men, under Admiral Cialdi. The fleet consists of a despatch boat, which has lain in the port of Toulon since 1870, awaiting repairs. Its title is the Immaculate Conception, and a crew of twelve men are attached to it, who give place to other sailors of the papal navy regularly every three months.

Pope Leo lately held a consistory, and delivered an allocution. The Scotch hierarchy was constituted as follows: St. Andrews—Archbishop Strain; Glasgow—Archbishop Eyre; Aberdeen—Bishop McDonald; Gallo-way—Bishop Lachland; Dundee—Bishop Rigg. Archbishop Strain has chosen of the metropolitan diocese of Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the consistory the velvet hat was conferred on Cardinal McCloyey. The allocution dealt chiefly with the relation which the Pope intends to maintain with the cardinals. From the fact that no mention is made of the Vatican Council, the dogma of Infallibility, or that of the Immaculate Conception, while, on the other hand, the Council of Trent is referred to as expressing the sense of the Church as to its administration, it is inferred, that the Pope aims to carry out a moderate and conciliatory policy. Time, however, only will show.

Educational Notes.

The British Parliament provided last year for the education of 2,248,000 children in England and Wales, at a cost of \$3.50 each.

It is proposed in Peoria to organize a summer school for boys, in which industrial pursuits shall be taught, a shop, with fixtures to be provided, and each pupil to furnish his own kit of tools. The total cost to each lad for a ten weeks' school is estimated at \$25.

There are 35,000 Protestant girls in Roman Catholic schools, and the Romanists claim that one out of every ten of these girls is converted to their faith, and that three out of ten are taught to hate Protestantism. The *Christian at Work* has no doubt that two-thirds of the whole number are lost to the Protestant Church.

The tribe of Chickasaws maintained twenty-eight schools last year, in which were taught 715 pupils. The five tribes in Indian Territory have 181 school-houses, in which are maintained 12 boarding, and 168 day-schools, employing 196 teachers, who instruct 5496 pupils. Of the population of 56,716, there can read 31,000. They spent on the schools last year \$137,775.

German papers in Milwaukee report a wonderful progress in teaching deaf-mute children to speak, read and write. The new system is introduced by a Professor Stettner, an experienced deaf-mute teacher of Saxony, but recently arrived; and he has so far succeeded in training eight deaf-mute boys, who distinctly pronounce every sound and word. The same system is in use in connection with the public schools at Erie, Pa.

Married.

On Sunday, March 31st, 1878, in the parlors of the Juniata Collegiate Institute, Martinsburg, Pa., by Rev. J. David Miller, pastor of the Reformed church, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, to Miss Adella Hurley, both of Roaring Springs, Blair Co., Pa.

In Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa., Feb. 9th, 1878, by Rev. J. B. Kerschner, Mr. Isaac Yeager, to Miss Mary Agnes Kissinger, both of Upper Paxton, Dauphin Co., Pa.

On Thursday evening, March 28th, in the Bethlehem Presbyterian church of this city, by the Rev. Matthew Newkirk, Mr. William P. Zimmerman, of Berlin Pa., to Miss Annie E. Mytinger, of Phila.

On the 24th of March, by Rev. T. R. Dietz, Mr. George W. King, to Miss Sarah Geist, both of Worthville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

St. Paul's Church in Mourning.

Fell asleep in Jesus Christ, at his home, near Shepherdstown, Cumberland county, Pa., on last Saturday noon, March the 30th, the Hon. Michael Cocklin, aged 83 years and 3 days.

Judge Cocklin lived and died on the farm where he was born. In his death the community has lost an honest, upright, and respected citizen, and the Reformed Church a devoted and consistent member—a bright and shining light. His departure, from among us, has cast a gloom over a large circle of sorrowing friends. He was a quiet and unobtrusive life, but withal a life of singular devotion to the eternal principles of truth and right. Born in the Spring of 1795, he entered into manhood with all the vigor and promise of the sturdy men of that early and stormy age of our country's history. Retiring in his disposition, Judge Cocklin sought and found seclusion, from the din and bustle of active commercial life, in the quiet cultivation of the soil, and by following the noiseless pursuit of a farmer-life, this was in keeping with his taste and native bent of mind. He was a gentleman of more than ordinary mental activity, and possessed of an untiring energy, few persons could equal him in faithful and unflinching devotion to whatever he undertook to perform. This his neighbors saw and felt, and they compelled him to quit the solitude of his home, in 1832, by electing him to the "General Assembly of Pennsylvania." He served his constituency faithfully in this capacity, during the Sessions of 1832, '33 and '34.

In the House of Representatives, as on his farm, his fine sense of duty was never turned aside by the fear or the favor of man. He had an utter disgust for corruption, under any of its forms, whether in private or in public life. At the conclusion of his career, as a member of the Legislature, he continued his agricultural pursuits, in his own quiet way, when, in the year 1856, his fellow-citizens again called him into public life, by electing him to the honorable and important office of *Associate Judge* of the Cumberland County Court. This position he filled, with honor to himself and satisfaction to the people, during a term of ten years. His cool judgment, his wise forethought, his conscientiousness, his rigid self-control, and his utter abhorrence of selfish extravagance and vulgar display, made him not only a valued guide to his peers, but also an exacting and honorable *Associate on the Bench.* In the later years of his life, it was a source of much real pleasure to him to dwell on this interesting and important decade in his history. He was well informed in the Common Law, and, from all parts of his neighborhood, men would come to him for advice, and they never sought it in vain. He was a noble example to the young men around him, whom he aided and encouraged, in the great struggle of life. He was emphatically the young man's friend. The young men were fond of him. This was owing, no doubt, to a youthful vivacity, which he possessed, and which he retained, even amid the heavy pressure of years that had stolen in upon him thick and fast.

On the 4th of last March, forty-eight years ago, he was joined in the bonds of matrimony to Elizabeth Hopple, by the Rev. John S. Ebaugh, pastor of the Reformed Church at Carlisle, Pa. Five children were the issue of this marriage, only two of whom remain, who with their mother, now stricken in heart and in years, mourn their loss. One of the children remaining, is H. M. Cocklin, a prominent elder in the Classis of Zion, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster.

Highly gifted by nature and by mental culture, Judge Cocklin's life was a thing of beauty. But it was only when these natural and acquired gifts and graces were taken up, sanctified and directed by the Holy Spirit of God that the Christian stood forth still more nobly than the gentleman.

Although his life had been one of severe rectitude and singular purity, he yet felt the need of renewing grace in Christ Jesus, and with that same quiet determination, which had ever characterized the man, in all his social and business relations, he gave himself, along with his wife and children, to the public service of his Lord and master. He was a man stricken in years, when, by the solemn rite of confirmation, he was admitted into full communion in the Church. This rite was administered by the Rev. John Ault, in St. Paul's church, at Mechanicsburg, in May, 1866. From that day onward, till the silver cord was loosed, all his time and talents were laid on the altar of the Church. Soon after his reception into the Church, he was set apart to the Eldership, which office he took with him to the heavenly home.

Many of us gratefully remember his timely advice, his generous aid and his kind protecting care. He was liberal in his proper sense. *Humility, Faith and Catholicity* were the leading elements in his Christian character. His life was one of such remarkable simplicity that he reached his span of *four-score years and three* in almost uninterrupted usefulness and activity. But the end drew on apace—it had to come. The solemn closing was as gentle and as peaceful as an infant going to sleep—"twas as the closing of a summer day, when the sky is clear and bright. One hour before he died, we commended his soul to God in prayer—we asked God that the end might be *quiet and easy*, as was his life, and it was so, for "God giveth His beloved sleep." In this act of devotion he joined us in an audible voice. His mind retained its native clearness until he had "fallen on sleep"—his faith in Jesus Christ, and the everlasting verities of the Gospel, remained unshaken; and although his weary nature was exhausted by the fearful struggle between life and death, his consciousness was clear to the last moment, when in answer to a question, by his pastor, he said: "God is my only help," and then he ceased breathing—the end of a long and useful life had closed—the golden bowl was broken, and the saint was asleep.

"So Jesus slept; God's dying Son

Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed;

Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne

The morning break, and pierce the shade."

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

PASTOR.

DIED—Near Jeffers, N. Md., March 25th, Catharine Cochran, aged 77 years, 4 months and 13 days.

Dead to this world and pious woman, was a passage into eternal life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

DIED—in Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., on March 28th, 1878, Mr. John Skyles, aged 81 years, 3 months and 15 days.

Father Skyles was received into the Reformed church in Martinsburg, under the pastorate of Rev. F. A. Rapley, over thirty years ago. He has lived a consistent life to a green old age, having passed the time allotted to the life of man.

His last sickness was but of short duration, having been confined to his bed but three weeks, although he had been continually failing since November last. It was pleasant to visit him, and converse with him about his approaching dissolution; he always expressing a desire to quit this world and enter the heavenly Jerusalem.

He made all the arrangements for his funeral previous to his death, even to the selection of the text from which his former pastor was requested to preach his funeral sermon.

The services were held on Saturday afternoon, March 30th, in the church he loved so well. Rev. F. A. Rapley preaching an eloquent and forcible sermon from the words of the Psalmist contained in the 125th Psalm, the first and second verses. Bro. Rapley was assisted in the services by Rev. H. F. Seiple, and the present pastor, who delivered a short address at the grave.

J. D. M.

Christian World please copy.

DIED—Near Leitersburg, on March 4th, Henry Schriver, aged 71 years and 4 months.

The deceased was born and lived where he died. An honorable man, a good and faithful citizen and neighbor, a kind and obliging father. He was buried at Rose Hill cemetery. "In peace." S.

DIED—in Norton Township, Summit County, Ohio, on the morning of the 15th of March, Mary

Ann, wife of Charles Stuver, aged 66 years, 9 mos., and 6 days.

The deceased, daughter of Joseph Santee, deceased, was born in Northampton County, Pa., and in early life, became a member of the Reformed Church by holy baptism, and in due time a communicant by confirmation. Years ago, Mr. Santee with his family removed to Ohio, where she continued her membership in the Reformed Church, in which communion she remained faithful to her end. She was the mother of a large family, in whose welfare she took a deep interest and was amply rewarded, the children proving a comfort to their parents. An affectionate and faithful companion, she bore her afflictions patiently, and when they were completed, she fell asleep in Jesus. Beloved sister, rest in peace. Words of comfort to the sorely bereaved, were spoken by Rev. S. B. Leiter, D. D., and Rev. J. Smith, at the funeral at Live Oak, on the Sunday following, where she sleeps in the hope of a blessed immortality. "I am the resurrection and the life." S.

Acknowledgments.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during March.

From the Sulphur Spring charge, per Rev W A Gring, pastor	\$10 00
College church, per Rev Dr Higbee, pastor	40 00
Pleasant Hill church, per Rev E N Kremer, pastor	7 60
Mercersburg, Pa., }	Amount \$57 60
April 1st, 1878, }	Treas. Board of Education.

HOME MISSIONS.

Rev E J Fogel	\$60 00
Rev Dr F W Kremer, S School	100 00
Rev J Sechler	10 55
	\$170 55

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Rev J A Peters	\$14 79
Female Ben Soc Ist ch, Lebanon	25 00
Dr F W Kremer, S School	100 00
	\$139 79

F. W. KREMER, Treas.

ORPHAN HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Received per Rev John Blaetgen, Northelm, Wisc., from F W Stookmeier	\$2 00
Mr John Schultz, from the Reformed congregation at Lafayette, Ind	5 00
From a friend at New Knoxville	11 00
Per Mr Engel Horn, from the Ref S School, Ashland, Pa	9 60
Rev G Zindler, Northelm, Wisc, from the Salem Ebenezer S School	6 71
Rev H Trautman, Cleveland, O, from a friend	5 00
From Mrs Beitenmiller, Phila	5 00
Per Rev F H Diekmann, from widow B Buehler, Gallon, O	5 00
From Henry Bange, Egg Harbor, N J	3 00
Widow Christine Schober, West Philada	25 00
Per Rev J G Nauber, from children of Bethlehem cong, Phila	4 50
Rev J G Wiehle, from the S School of Salem cong, Phila	12 50
	\$94 31

Wm. D. Gross, Treas., Box 2147, Phila.

ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

Recd from Mrs Grubele, Cleveland, O, per Rev H Troutman	1 00
A friend, per Rev H Troutman	4 00
Collected by Mrs Geo Reiter, Allegheny	6 00
Bmauel charge, Rev J F Snyder	7 00
Savings of Nevin Snyder	3 00
Pleasant Hill Ref S S, per Rev Ellis Kremer	3 41
St Paul's, "	2 25
	\$26 66

B. WOLFF, JR., Pittsburg, Pa.

LETTER LIST.

Abbott, John A., Altfather, J.
Beaver, C N, Buntgar, P A, Baker, Lydia, Bower, John, Brown, Kate K, (3), Barr, Rev H, Besore, Mrs R B, Baltzer, J P, Burgoyne, Mrs Maggie C, Bowen, A B, Benner, Saml, Bensing, W.
Carroll, Jacob S, Call, W H, Crider & Bro, Cort, Rev C, Callender, Rev Dr S N, Cochran, J E.
Dieffenbacher, J, Dietrich, Rev J D, Dieffenbacher, Rev E H, Dieffenbacher, Rev C R.
Engle, Rev W G.
Fahnestock, B A, Foust, Saml, Faust, J H, Fairchild, Rev E S, Freeman, Rev J E, Fetters, A, Freyman, Mary, Fickes, J E.
Gifford, M C, Gerhart, Rev H L, Griffith, J H, Gerhardt, Rev D W, Groff, E S, Gans, Rev Dr D.
Hess, Mrs Fred, Hiester, Rev Dr J E, Hall, Mary R, Hoobaugh, Geo, Hahn, F B, Heilmann, Rev C U, (2), Hartzell, Rev Geo P, Hassler, Rev J, Herbst, P C, Hartzell, Chas F.
Johnson, Rev J O.
Kurtz, Rev J C, Kieffer, W H, Kieffer, Rev J S, Keyser, Rev H A, Kerschner, J E, Kammerer, D L, Kuhn, Rev S, Kremer, Rev Dr A H.
Loos, Rev N H, Lichtenberger, J H, Leinbach, Rev T C, Leberman, Rev J J, Linderman, Rev F S, Lukens, Rev C D, Lian, E B, Long, S C, Lefever, Rev D P, Lichtenberger, J H.
Miller, D, Miller, Rev J D, Miller, J C, Meekley, Rev J, Mohr, Rev J F, Mingle, H A.
Noss, Rev J G, Nagle, J C.
Ogier, W H.
Peters, Rev J A, Peightal, S, Peters, Rev M.
Reiter, Rev C H, Reed, Jacob, Romberger, D H, Riegel, M J, Rothrock, Rev D, Reber, Rev F N, (2).
Skyles, Rev J H, (2), Shaw, Rev S, Shadeler, J, Smith, Mrs L E, Siegel, Rev C W E, Snyder, C H, Swartzell, J E, Sprankle, P, Sangree, Rev M H, Smith, Rev J E, Steele & Avery, Skyles, Rev J H, Sell, W, Ste-kell, J, Smith, E B, Santee, C, Snyder, Rev W H H, Strassburger, Rev N S, Snyder, Rev W H.
Whitmore, S, Wiant, Rev J F, (2), Worman, J H, Witmer, J H, Weiland, C S, Wildason, J, Whitmore, Rev D M, Williams, T W.
Yeager, F M, Young, Saml.
Ziegler, Rev W H, Zeller, J.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Apr. 6th 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

LOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$4.00@4.55
" Extra Family.....	6.00@6.25
" Fancy.....	6.75@7.25
Rye.....	3.25@3.37 1/2
Corn meal.....	2.75@2.80
Buckwheat meal.....	1.50@1.75
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.40@1.41
" Red.....	1.34@1.36
Rye.....	.68@.70
Corn, Yellow.....	.40@.52
" White.....	.51@.53
Oats.....	.35@.36
Barley.....	.70@.75
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	.74@.77
" Refined cut loaf.....	104@107
" " crushed.....	10@10 1/2
" " powdered.....	92@100
" " granulated.....	92@92 1/2
" " A.....	98@100
Coffee, Rio..... gold.....	141@174
" Maracaibo..... gold.....	16@18
" Laguayra..... gold.....	143@172
" Java..... gold.....	21@23
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	10.50@10.75
Sugar Beef.....	13@14
Sugar cured Ham.....	8@8 1/2
Lard.....	62@74
Butter, Roll extra.....	22@24
Butter, Roll Common.....	20@22
" Prints, extra.....	35@40
" " Common.....	30@34
" Grease.....	5@8 1/2
Eggs.....	11@12
SEEDS, Clover.....	6.00@6.75
Timothy.....	1.35@1.45
Flax.....	1.35@1.40
PLASTER, White.....	3.00@3.25
Blue.....	2.57@3.30

Youth's Department.

CHRIST OUR SOLE REFUGE.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails,
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

—Exchange.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

A little clump of pale blue, starry-eyed violets grew in the shadow of a stately old wood. Great blossoming ranges of sheeny meadow land crept up to the verge of the forest; wild flowers rioted among the waving grasses; ferns tossed their graceful fronds in the air; the bees hovered and frolicked and droned sleepy songs all the day long, and the birds sung the praises of the flowers, until all the air seemed full of perfume, song and love.

The violets were so happy. They seldom lifted their blue eyes from the earth, but when they did heaven seemed right over them, and that was enough to make them glad. They had always been happy. When the first snow wreaths began to melt away in the warm Spring sunlight, the violets seemed to hear a soft wooing voice whispering and calling to them to come forth and bloom, and deck the cold, dark earth. And they followed the whispering voice—followed, and followed—and the beautiful sun warmed them, and the rain softly fell in showers, and the dew wept over them great tears of silent joy, when they answered the call and came. First the tiny green shoots; then the budding, starry-eyed flowers. And when they saw how beautiful the earth was, they trembled with joy that they were a part of it, and could live and love, even though unseen.

But one day, after the other flowers came, they were unhappy for the first time. A great flaunting golden-rod tossed its yellow hair and swayed backward and forward in the soft mid-summer air, coquetting first with the honey-bees, the butterflies, and lastly the warm south wind itself.

"See how beautiful I am," it cried; "look at my yellow hair and the sunlight streaming over it. Look how I can sway backward and forward and bend to every passing whisper of the breeze. The dear soft wind, how it loves me! And everybody praises me because I am so graceful and strong and beautiful. I am taller than anything in the meadow. I can see the world where I stand! There is nothing taller than I in the field, excepting the dear, grand old trees, and the pin oaks that bend down and touch me with their branches. It is beautiful to live and be a golden-rod!"

Then the violets sighed.

And the pin oak rustled its leaves and laughed such a low, pleasant laugh. It was like a little thrill of music to hear the soft leaves whispering and nodding and saying pretty things to the Summer wind, but this time it spoke to the golden-rod, and its laugh was sweeter than ever.

"Yes, you are beautiful," said the

leaves all together and the daisies, and the ferns, and the tall blue-eyed grasses nodded and said "Yes, you are beautiful"; and the willow swung its long, soft, green arms down, and touched it caressingly, and whispered too "O yes, you are beautiful as a dream!"

Then the violets sighed again, and this time they hung their heads. Nobody ever spoke to them or called them beautiful. And when the moon shone down upon them, and the stars twinkled and flashed like fire-flies above them, and the dew fell softly upon them, they thought it was tears of pity from the sky—tears of pity, because they were so humble and unsightly. Not even the willow tree had ever given them a word of love.

So, through all the long, blissful Summer days they hung their heads, and tried to cower down into the soft green grass. There was nothing to do but live their little life out and then die. But it was hard never to have heard a single word of love!

One day they heard the sound of children's voices in the meadow. Not the loud mirthful laugh of happy childhood, but the soft earnest voices of little ones who had learned one of the saddest lessons of life—to have a sorrow, and to bear it.

"If we could only find some little, tiny, sweet-scented flower," one of the voices said. "These wild flowers are all so gay and flaunting, they will not do to carry to Jamie. O how he loved the little wood anemones and the dear, beautiful violets—but there are none now. It is too late."

The golden-rod tossed her hair and swayed, but the children walked slowly past without noticing it. Their eyes were bent upon the grass—they were looking in vain, they thought—but still they were looking.

"O brother, see the sweet little things—the dear blue eyes looking up at us, just as little Jamie's eyes may be watching us now"—and the child gave a quick glance upward. Her own eyes were full of tears, and as she stooped and picked the violet blooms with gentle hand, one teardrop fell upon them.

"Isn't it sweet?" she asked. "Perhaps they bloomed for Jamie. We will think so, dear."

So they carried the violets home, safely shielded with dark, cool moss about their roots.

"Good-bye," murmured the flowers. "Good-bye," whispered the trees and the soft Summer wind. "Good-bye," nodded the golden-rod. "Who would ever have supposed you would be the one chosen to see the world?"

And the violets said softly "We shall be loved now, we do not care for the world."

But that day, and the next, and all through the long dark night, they were held closely in the stiff white fingers of a little crippled boy. A wan sweet face, and a still cold figure, and clasped, rigid hands. This was not life, it was death; this was not love, it was forgetfulness. And the violets drooped again.

But the next morning a sweet, rosy, living face bent over the little boy. It laid its warm, soft lips upon the still pale mouth; it took the drooping flowers from the stiffened fingers; it held them to her heart, and then a shower of tears fell upon the faded petals.

"I will love them and keep them for little Jamie's sake," said the sweet voice. "I will love them and keep them always."

So the violets were content to die, aye, even more, they were glad to have lived; to have been made perhaps for this very purpose. Humble, small, and of little consequence to the world, and yet to one bruised heart they spoke of hope and love and life and resurrection.

"Was it not well to have lived even such a life?" they asked themselves.

Was it not well?—*Gospel Messenger.*

Dare to be upright, honest, and sincere, for God is all-sufficient; He can defend, deliver, or supply.

Be more in action than in conversation; for God hath given you two hands, but only one tongue.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

In the history of Rome it is related that in 361, B. C., a great chasm opened in the middle of the Forum, which is found impossible to fill. The sooth-sayers said it would close when it contained what Rome possessed of most value, and then the State would be perpetual. A noble youth named M. Curtius, demanded if Rome had anything of more value than arms and valor. He mounted his horse, richly caparisoned, and amid the silence of the people, spurring him over the brink of the tremendous precipice (*vide Liv. l. vii. 6*). I have seen a striking picture of this somewhere. It represented the horse and rider after they had passed the brink and were descending to the unknown depths. There was a remarkable contrast between the fright of the brute and the unruffled self-possession of the man. The limbs of the horse were tightened to his body and the muscles of his neck drew his head to his chest, and a shuddering terror expressed itself in the flash of his starting eyes. The rider was serene and calm, with a solemn expression of majesty on his face, as of one who lived with high thoughts. If I were set to spiritualize this picture, I should say that it was no mean representation of a ripe Christian departing this life. The horse is the body, and the rider is the Spirit. Flesh shrinking, spirit steady and calm and solemn. Flesh dreading the terrible shock, and Spirit wrapt in the glory of action, descending that it may ascend.—*Cook.*

DISCONTENT.

A canary and a gold-fish had their lot thrown together in the same room. One hot day, the master of the house heard the fish complaining of his dumb condition, and envying the sweet voice of his companion overhead: "Oh, I wish I could sing as sweetly as my friend up there!" And the canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe: "How cool it looks! I wish my lot was there!"—"So, then, it shall be," said the master; and forthwith placed the fish in their, and the bird in the water; whereupon they saw their folly, and repeated of their discontent. Let every one be content in the state in which God has placed him.

TALKING WITH GOD.

A girl whose father was an infidel, and who lived in a godless home, went to visit a friend of hers whose parents were both Christians. While she was there the family gathered for their usual morning worship. While they were reading the Word of God she listened very attentively, but when the father knelt down and engaged in earnest prayer, she seemed amazed, and glanced all around the room to see with whom he was talking, and seeing no one looking at him she was greatly puzzled. As soon as she had opportunity, after the service was over, she whispered to her friend and asked:—

"Who was your father talking with this morning?"

"Why he was talking with God," said her friend.

The little girl knew nothing about God, or His dealings with the children of men, so they tried to explain to her who and what God was, and then told her the "old, old story" of the cross.

To all this she listened very eagerly, and when they had finished she inquired earnestly, "Can't I talk with Him too?"

"Certainly you can," said they, "for He loves little children, and has said 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

She seemed very happy, and when she got home that night she jumped into her father's lap and told him about those good people that talked with God, and what they told her about Him, and then, with her little face beaming with joy, she exclaimed, "O father they said I could talk with Him and He would hear me!"

She did talk with Him, until her father and all the family learned to love and commune with the "unknown God."

Surely, "Out of the mouths of babes and suckling Thou hast perfected praise." (*Matt. 21: 16*).—*Little Christian.*

AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM GETHSEMANE.

You ask me why I love those olive leaves?
It is that fancy cleaves
To where their parent branches grow,
Where Kedron's gentle waters flow,
Where the dim olives' shade falls mournfully
Upon Gethsemane.

Yes, the red drops bedewed their native sod,
And told the wrath of God,
Beneath whose agonizing power
The Saviour bowed in that dread hour
When on His soul a load of anguish lay—
Our curse, endured that day.

And now this peace-branch brings before my thought
The price at which 'twas bought!

And not more dear to Noah's eye
The leaf that spoke the flood gone by,
Plucked by the dove from one unscathed tree,
Than this is dear to me. —*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CRUSADES.

Long, long ago, Christians used to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land from many parts of Europe; but in the year 1065 the Egyptian caliphs (a caliph was so called from an Arab word meaning a successor—i. e., a successor of the great Mohammed, who was born in the year 571) were overthrown by the Turks, who treated the Christians in a most cruel manner. In those days even Christians used to think that it was all right to kill just as many as they could of the people who tried to keep them from coming to Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine, and so a great many people in Italy and France, called together by a man named Peter the Hermit, started for the Holy Land. But although he was assisted by another army, under Walter the Penniless, they didn't get anywhere near Jerusalem, because the Turks destroyed nearly all of them. Shortly after that an army of Germans shared the same fate, and then an immense company of 200,000 from England and the Continent were all destroyed, still leaving Jerusalem in the hands of the Turks.

But all these efforts, you see, were made without any organization in particular, and were not at all skillfully carried out; but they opened the way to the first real crusade, which did not start for some years after the other failures. The first crusade consisted of six splendid armies, made up of the very best knights of Europe, commanded by some of the noblest princes in the land. They fought their way successfully to Antioch, which fell into their hands after a long siege—six or seven months. What did these Christians do but massacre all the inhabitants!

That doesn't sound very well now-a-days. Does it? But they thought they were doing right, and that makes all the difference in the world. They reached Jerusalem at last; but out of the 600,000 that started only 40,000 had survived.

They captured the city after a few weeks' siege (1099), and Godfrey, a virtuous and brave man, and one of the leaders from Germany, became king.

The Christians held the city against the attacks of the Mohammedans till the year 1144, when affairs looked so bad that a second crusade was announced. Two armies, containing 1,200,000 men, under Louis VII., King of France, and Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, set out, but on account of the treachery of a Greek emperor, Comnenus, the crusade failed.

In 1187 the Sultan of Egypt captured Jerusalem, and a third crusade was organized, and after that a fourth and a fifth and a sixth and a seventh, and in 1270 the eighth and last. Sometimes the Christians were successful, but oftentimes they were completely beaten by the Turks and their allies.

But the Professor wants to tell you of the strangest thing of all. Have you ever heard of the children's crusade?

In the year 1212 an army of 30,000 French children set out for the Holy Land by the way of Marseilles. They were unarmed, and chose for their commander a boy named Stephen, who lived in Vendôme. At the same time 20,000 German children crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, and 20,000 more at another point.

Think of it! Seventy thousand children on their way to deliver Jerusalem! They seemed to think, that by some miracle they were to be the means of converting all their oppressors to Christianity. This crusade was certainly one of the strangest things in history. Did the children succeed? It makes the Professor feel very sad to say that they did not. Poor children; some of them wandered back to their homes again, their little hearts discouraged, and their little feet weary with marching, but nearly all of them perished—some on their way, some by drowning in the Mediterranean Sea—while all who missed a comparatively happy death were sold into slavery.

Crusade is from a word meaning "cross," and all the knights wore crosses, and so pledged themselves to fight for the Holy Land. The Templars, of whom you've all heard, were so called because they had a house near the supposed site of Solomon's Temple.

The Order was founded for the protection of pilgrims, but they grew very rich, and very wicked some people say, and the head Templar and many others were put to death by being burned alive.—*Christian Union.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY REV. S. T. JONES.

Oh that this day, on which my Surety died,
May humble me, and out of self and sin
So draw me upward, that I may begin—
Low at His cross, exalted at His side,
Beneath my burden, but above my pride,
Henceforth a lowlier, loftier life, and win
The "Go up higher," and the "Enter in,"
Said only to the meek! Oh Crucified!
Whom only thus I know as afterward
Risen also and Ascended: let Thy pains
With all my life, borne for my sake, accord,
That I may rise o'er my dead self, and be
In heart, though here on earth, in heaven with
Thee. —*Sunday Magazine.*

THE VATICAN.

This word is often used, but there are some who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. It is adjacent to St. Peter's Church, and has now for many years been the regular palace and residence of the popes, each of whom has greatly enriched it.

Pleasantries.

The young lady who always wanted her sweetheart close at hand explains it on the ground that 'twas only a nigh dear of her own.

Pleasure is manifested in different ways, but we believe nobody ever heard a man sing when he had dropped a scuttle of ashes on the back stairs.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

It is when a man is carrying a pound of honey on one arm and a bag of eggs on the other, and attempts to brush a fly off his ear, that he feels no man can be an expert in all things.

"Is that a brewery?" asked a fellow-passenger on one of the up-river steamers, as she approached the House of Correction. "No," wittily responded Judge Biddle, who was a bystander, "it is a rectifying establishment."—*Philadelphia Record.*

An agricultural correspondent writes to correct what he thought to be an erroneous statement, that recently appeared in this column relative to cows giving buttermilk. We adhere to our original statement. We never saw a cow give anything else but her milk.

A bad Christian sold crooked hay to a certain colonel; the colonel scolded him, and the bad Christian whined out, "I am a soldier too." "You!" ejaculated the colonel, in a tone of disgust. "What kind of a soldier are you?" "I am a soldier of the Cross," said the skin-flint, with a detestable flourish of the hand. "That may be," said the colonel, dryly, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you!"

SPIRITUAL CLEANSING.

"Cleanse that which is within the cup and platter," says the Master, "that the outside of them may be clean also." This is the task to which believers should address themselves in the observance of Lent. They bring with them all manner of passions and affections which defile the spirit. In social intercourse, in business, in the dust and turmoil of daily life, what impurities collect, what rubbish takes possession. It is no easy thing to be in the world and not think the world's thoughts and reflect its spirit, and not come under the power of its conventionalities and passions. Even if one were inwardly pure, the contagion of evil would meet him at every step. He would be subjected to a tremendous pressure to accommodate himself to secular standards, and to avoid the singularity of being better than his neighbors. But how easy to give way where there is the material of sin to begin with, and such easy temptability.

This in fact is the plague of all Christians. They collect impurity so much more easily than they escape from it. They defile the cup and platter so much more readily than they possess their vessel in sanctification. And yet spiritual cleansing is the great privilege of a Christian, is the great privilege of the Church. If the very energies of nature have a certain power of working off humors and impurities; if there is no sooner a collection of fogs and vapors than the air and sunlight set themselves to bring out a purification; if the turbid streams themselves, and the whole system of nature may undergo a cleansing of purifying fires, how much more ought Christ's disciples to come into the purity of His life? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and the great problem of religion is to get believers into that quality of life which gives them this power of discernment.

Now the cleansing of the spirit must be a cleansing through the Spirit. Even the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters when God divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. That is to say, back of all energies and forces which operate in nature, there is the spiritual energizing of one mightier than they. How much more in respect to those who have no power of themselves to help themselves. The spirit must be taken possession of by the Soul of souls, and so cleansed of its uncleanness. If it is the entrance of pure air, which drives out the pestilential vapors and renovates the ship; if it penetrates the inmost life of nature, and works in it the condition of health and soundness, does it not stand to reason, that the spirit must have its Life-giver and Purifier to help rid it of its impurities and distempers? Therefore in this spiritual cleansing the soul must be opened to let in the light and presence from above. There must be prayer and repentance. What is this but to open the windows and let in the purifying life? What is repentance but a thrusting out, so far as one can do so, the long accumulating dust and rubbish, and letting in the grace and purity of God? What is prayer but an act of communication between the soul and God?

And along with these there is a good in fasting. It may be a staying of the pampered flesh which is getting the mastery of the spirit. It may be a restraining of the appetites which are asking, with over-much concern, "What shall we eat and what shall we drink?" It may fix proper boundaries between the flesh and the spirit, instead of having the spirit engross all things. It may be giving the spirit a certain respite and release from that fulness of over-feeding, which causes much spiritual dullness.

With repentance, prayer, and fasting, it is also a good thing to do deeds of charity. It is a way of cleansing the spirit of its selfishness, and coming into the life of benevolence and sympathy. It is a part of the soul's health to care for others; and the more we go out of ourselves in a self-sacrificing way, the more we recover a lost purity.

Who can but feel that, so far as Christians attend to these things as they ought, they will get great good from it? Of course it is easy to make everything void. There may be downcast eyes and a solemn demeanor, but no rendering of the heart. There may be a cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter, and letting the inside go. But so far as the spirit enters into the appointed duties and services of the church with earnest desire of spiritual cleansing, it can by no means fail of it. It will enter more profoundly into that life which is more than the fashion of meat, and more than luxury, and more than the fashion of the world, which passeth away. It will understand that God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness, and that a life of contentment, blessedness and joy.—Churchman.

THE BIBLE CONFIRMED BY ORIENTAL RESEARCH.

Observe how utterly fearless it is! It puts its incidental historical narratives by the side of ancient records, wherever these are found, on brick cylinders, graven in rocks, traced upon parchments, carved upon obelisks, built into imperial structures, and it challenges comparison! No matter how other records have come to us, the Scripture puts its records beside them, asserts its truth, and waits for centuries for its vindication. The ancient historians tell us, for example, that the king of Babylon, when that city was taken and destroyed by the Persians, was not Belshazzar, but Nabonadius, or Labynetus, as the names are given differently in different languages; that he was not captured in the city; or killed, but that he escaped from it; that he fought a battle, after the capture, outside of the city; that he was defeated and then taken prisoner; that he was made satrap under the conqueror; that he lived for years afterwards, unmolested, lived in abundance, and died in peace. Berosus and Abydenus agree in most of this; and history laughs at the story as told in the book of Daniel. It is an unhistoric legend, idle, worthless, because contrary to the facts. The book of Daniel puts forward its record, and patiently waits. Twenty years ago, there were dug up the cylinders from the remains of the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, from the mounds which mark the almost forgotten site of that renowned city of the East, which explains at a glance the seeming inconsistency. They show that Belshazzar was the son of Nabonadius, and the regent under him; that Daniel's record is, therefore, as true as was that probably of Herodotus or Berosus. They were simply writing of different persons.

So the Scripture fearlessly challenges historians, and puts its records alongside of theirs—a characteristic which belongs to it only among the sacred books of the world. There is no other which treats so fearlessly the events of the past, and which faces such imminent continual risk of being demonstrated as untrue, if that is possible. It tells its story amid whatever din of contradictions, and waits to be accepted with a divine courage, imperturbable as God.—Dr. R. S. Storrs.

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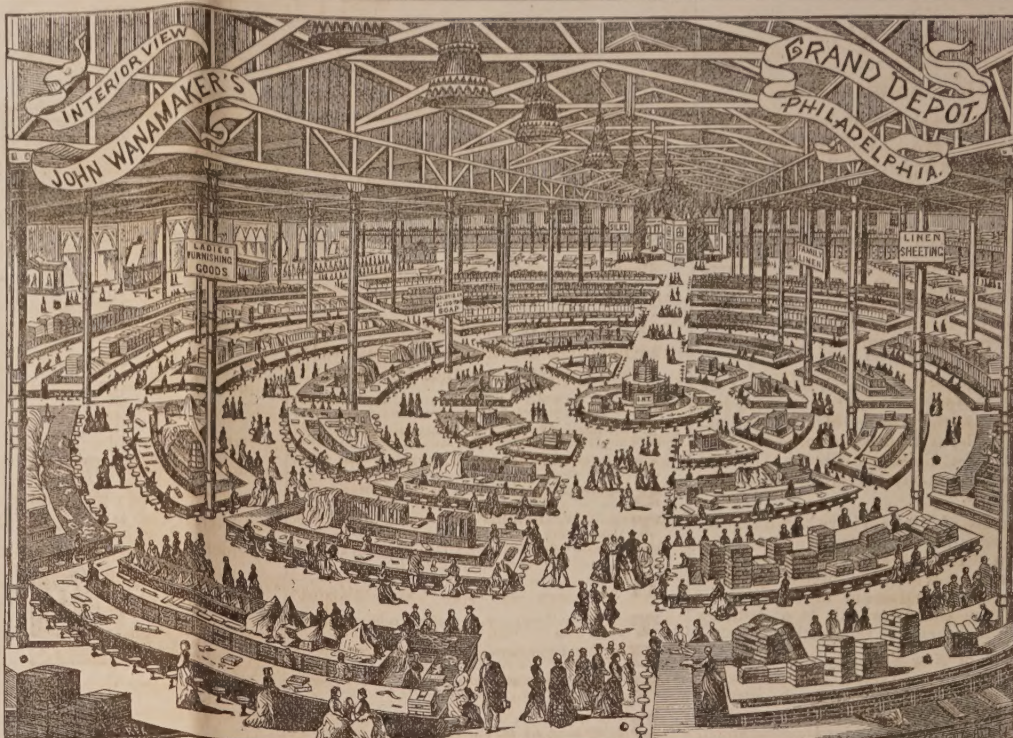
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Lve. Harrisburg...	8:00	12:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle...	9:00	7:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg...	10:30	4:00	6:45	
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		9:00
" Hager town...		8:45		10:45
" Chambersburg...		9:30		11:30
" Carlisle...		10:55		12:00
Arr. Harrisburg...		7:00	12:55	3:30
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